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A

L E T T E R

F R O M A

Right Honourable PERSON.

And the Answer to it, Translated into Verse,
as nearly as the different Idioms of PROSE
and POETRY will allow.

With Notes Historical, Critical, Political, &c.

L O N D O N:

Printed for W. NICOLL in St. Paul's Church Yard.

MDCCLXI.



The P R E F A C E.

WHEN first, of a thousand times, I read these curious epistles, which here I consecrate to rhyme and immortality, when I found them equally fraught with historical truth, as with political wisdom; equally distinguished for elegance of manners, and accuracy of style, I lamented, that they were composed of perishable, prosaick materials. With what sincere concern did I reflect, that they must soon, too soon! be lost to remembrance, or be sent, in their news-papers, perhaps, to *Jamaica*, to exercise the criticism of sugar-planters, Negroes, and Creolians? I deplored the fate of the great man, to whom the second letter is addressed, whose *good* fame, *o tempora, o mores!* is hardly likely to survive his virtue, even in a monument, erected to the VIRO IMMORTALI.

I CONSIDERED from whence this calamity could arise, and I was immediately convinced, that if Homer had written the wrath of Achilles, or Virgil the loves of Dido in prose, the hero and the heroine must have long since experienced the common fate of mortality. The Muses, the Muses alone have the privilege of giving immortality. *Musa vetat mori.* Yet even the Muses cannot give it in prose. Shall it then hereafter be said, that two such personages, as these writers

B

appear

appear to be in each other's Letters; so eminently distinguished for their integrity, patriotism, abilities, and how tender is the expression! for their *kind friendship*, (*) shall they die, like mere mortals, *quia current vate sacro*; because, *No bard had they to make all time their own?*

ANIMATED by these, and other reflections, equally powerful, I determined to snatch these charming letters from oblivion; to give them to immortality, by *doing* them into verse, as nearly as the different idioms of prose and poetry can allow; and then to place them in friendly opposition to each other, like pictures hung in contrast to illustrate each other's beauties.

THAT they are equally susceptible of all the most luxurious ornaments of poetry, every critick must allow; nor, if he be a critick of any tolerable sagacity, can he hesitate, even a moment, in pronouncing, that they are the works of the same master. Is there not the same everlasting length of period, the same manly disregard to grammar; the same loose, unconnected texture of expression; the same inconclusive, unsequential reasoning, so peculiarly fitted to the freedom and ease of epistolary writing? Beauties, like these, it is confessed, have a kind of originality, which it is almost impossible to preserve in a translation. Yet the reader will find, it hath been boldly attempted, and his candour will determine, I hope, not unfavourably, of the success.

IN an humble consciousness of having merited that *success* by the *fidelity* of this translation, I shall venture to assert, what few modern translators can presume to assert, that it sometimes rises superior, in sublimity and beauty, even to the original. This superiority, no doubt, proceeds

(*) Vid. Mr. P.-t's Letter.

from a secret charm, that in general, animates the language of poetry, and particularly from the harmony of the numbers, which I have, not injudiciously, chosen. Be it known, therefore to all our minor poets, that doggrel is the proper measure for the sublime ideas of modern patriotism, panegyrick and addresses, of which I shall convince the world, as soon as a certain address to his M---y, I beg pardon, I mean to his minister, shall make its appearance.

BUT not panegyrick alone, nor patriotism have their proper and peculiar measures in poetry. When the ladies write love letters, all the numbers are elegiack. When our patriot-commoner raises his voice to assert the rights of the people; to deplore the error of administration, or to vindicate his own injured reputation from the misrepresentations of credulity and calumny, his diction instantly assumes the pomp of blank verse. Lastly, when Mr. P--t and Mr. B--d oblige the world with a private publick correspondence, the mutual acknowledgments of each other's merit; their *kind* professions of friendship and esteem naturally sink together into doggrel.

HOWEVER, I am in christian charity; I bear no malice to prose or profemen. I think it falls down very naturally in notes, remarks and annotations to the bottom of the page. Witness doctor W--n's two huge columns of criticism to support and explain two lines of Mr. Pope's poetry. In humble imitation of this right-reverend canonist in criticism, I have bottomed my pages with notes *variorum*. I do not mean the *variorum* of persons only, but of learning, morality, criticism, politicks, and panegyrick. I confess, I have almost exhausted my common place-book; no matter; I shall easily fill it again with quotations of learning from our illustrious moderns, and maxims of politicks from the common council at Guildhall.

THE

THE publick, no doubt, in gratitude, as well as curiosity, will expect to be informed, WHO and WHAT are the writers, to whom they are obliged for these letters: who have published them for their own *spontaneous* bounty, *unsolicited*, and *unmerited*, as the pension of Kings: who is this right honourable person, and his friend Mr. -----: this *pious Æneas* and his *fidus Achates*; this second Sir James H-----, who vouches for the sentiments of the city.

THE last Hague Gazette has translated one of these letters into French, and assures us, that it is written by the right honourable Mr. Pitt to the Lord Mayor of London, whom it frequently styles, MON CHER MONSIEUR. It likewise informs us, that Mr. Pitt, although dismissed from his Office, yet regularly attends the frequent Councils held at Court. But as we have some reason to believe, that this intelligence is a little premature; that it is, at present, and probably will be for ever a mistake, we may therefore believe, there may possibly be some mistake in the other instance. If indeed it were only a trivial anachronism, in calling Mr. B---d, MY LORD; or might we think it prophetick of the next Year's Mayoralty, then would I cry out with Coreggio, *I too am a Painter*.

Then should creolian B---d, like himself,
Start from the Canvas in his Native Hues,
The bronze tartarean, and Jamaica Tint,
Sun-burnt and deep enamell'd,

Then should he stand in Oratorical Attitude, haranguing, *loud*, His and his Friend's fifteen Aldermen; their hundred common-council.

BUT to my task adventurous. *Cast, O, Lucina, fave. Diva, producas sibiilem, and give the springing birth to light.*

A LETTER

A L E T T E R from a Right Honourable
Person to ----- in the City, faithfully *done*
into Verse, &c.

D E A R S I R,

[1] Having found with Surprise, that my late [2] Resignation,
Both in Manner and Cause, by [3] Misrepresentation
Hath been grossly abus'd; that his Majesty's Grace,
Which follow'd, [4] *spontaneous*, my quitting my Place,
Hath

N O T E S.

[1] *Finding with Surprise*. Original.
Voyant a mon grand etonnement, says the
Hague Gazette. How does a Dutch, or
a French man dare to translate the Writings
of our British Minister? Can they have
any Conception of his sublime Ideas? He
has expressed, by the Word *surprise*, the
gentlest emotion of the human Heart; while
that of *etonnement* implies not only a tur-
bulence of Passion, but a Disorder of the
Understanding, unworthy of the right ho-
nourable Person. *Nil admirari* is the motto
of a great Man.

MONITOR.

[2] *Resignation*. Why Resignation? I
hate the Word. No; it was an envious,
malignant Faction, at a certain Board, that
forced from his Majesty's Councils the only

Person, capable of directing them; that
compelled him to quit the Service of the
Publick. His Advice was rejected. The
Plans he had formed, and the Measures he
had calculated for the Good of the Nation,
were opposed. After all his Labours of *Fi-
delity* and *Success*, a Peace, dishonourable
no doubt, and disadvantageous, was to be
concluded. He therefore prudently quitted
an Employment, where he could not con-
tinue with Honour, and where neither his
Abilities, nor his Integrity could be any
longer serviceable to his Country.

VOX POPULI.

[3] *Is grossly misrepresented &c.* Ori-
ginal: *sont deguisees a la ville*. Hague Ga-
zette. What a cold Expression of that ani-
mated Indignation, which fires the Original!
Grossly

Hath been slander'd most basely, and vilely perverted
 To a [5] Bargain, for having the Publick deserted,
 The Truth of these Facts I am forc'd to proclaim,
 [6] And the Manner, no Gentleman surely will blame.

That

N O T E S.

Grossly misrepresented! In these two Words, he proves his Integrity, justifies his Conduct, and vindicates the Consciousness of his own Worth. What Ideas are these! What Power of Language! No wonder, that the French Tongue should sink under such imagery, when the French Monarchy has already sunk under his Abilities, and the Weight of his Administration.

MONITOR.

[4] *Spontaneous.* That the King's Bounty was uncontrouled, uninfluenced, and freely flowing from the munificence of his own Nature, no Man ever doubted; none ever denied. Such, we apprehend, is the Meaning of the Word *spontaneous*. To say, that this Bounty was *unmerited*, is indeed a Compliment justly paid to his Majesty's Generosity, though paid, perhaps, not without some Reproach to his Discernment. That it was *unsolicited*, is urged rather too incautiously, and may hereafter admit of a Dispute. Happy for the right honourable Person had he rested his Defence, in this Article of it, upon the natural Goodness of his Prince. A grateful People would have unanimously acknowledged the Justice of his Plea.

ALL THE COMMENTATORS IN ALL THE
 LANGUAGES OF EUROPE.

[5] *Traduced as a Bargain.* Yes, an infamous, betraying Bargain. Princes, however bounteous and munificent; however naturally inclined to Acts of Grace and Favour, are not apt to reward the Person, who refuses to serve them, and, with some very disobliging Circumstances, refuses. There must, therefore, such is the strong Conclusion, have been some secret Merit in this, otherwise unaccountable, Resignation, and more than Royal Bounty in this Grant of Pensions and Honours.

THE TEST.

[6] *And the Manner.* In the Original, in a manner, which I am sure no Gentleman will contradict. How greatly has the English Language, as well as the English Nation, been obliged to the Writer of this Epistle! How many new Words, or new Meanings for old ones; how many new Modes of Expression has he introduced into it! How is it possible, therefore, to mention either him or them without a Note of Admiration!

WITH regard to the Instance before us; to *contradict* the Assertion of an Opinion, a Fact, a Truth or Falshood, by asserting the contrary, is the constant Meaning and Usage of the word. This *contradicting* the manner is totally new to our Language. The French Translator, no wonder, hath wholly lost

[7] That I, and the Council were of different Opinions
Of Importance to Britain, her Crown and Dominions,
Regarding the Measures we should take against Spain
(Yet pray, my dear Sir, understand what I mean)
Not founded on what she may now be designing,
But what she has done, was my cause for resigning.

[8] LORD TEMPLE and I submitted in writing,
And sign'd by us both, our Project for fighting,

But

N O T E S.

lost the elegant jargon of the original expression and ideas, when he renders it, *d'une maniere, qui ne repugne nullement a la probite. A manner by no means repugnant to probity.* Our English translator, too, has lost the spirit of the sentiment by coldly endeavouring to make it intelligible. *The manner no gentleman surely will blame.*

CRITICAL REVIEW.

[7] *That I and the Council.* I will not interrupt my Reader's good Humour, or damp my own Spirit of Poetry, or lose the Pleasure of contemplating, admiring, and criticising these excellent Epistles, by entering, at present, into a grave Inquiry into the Honourable Gentleman's Reasons for resigning. If any of my readers, however, are impatient to see this Affair set in its true Light, and considered, in all its Circumstances, with that Attention it certainly deserves, they may find, at the latter end of this Work, their Curiosity sufficiently gratified.

THE TRANSLATOR.

[8] LORD TEMPLE. Le Lord Temple, says the Gazette—but why not in capital Letters. What an Indignity to the noble Lord? Correct it therefore, all ye Readers, of Delicacy and Taste, according to the Honour, with which the Great man honours his Lordship, and read with the Original, LORD TEMPLE & moi avons soumis *tres humblement* au Roi nos sentimens & signés *de notre main.* What a Parcel of Blunders are here? To controul his Majesty's Prerogative; to take from Him his private Right of judging; to govern his Council, and to *guide* his Measures, these were, indeed, their *most humble Sentiments*; but where did this Translator find their *tres humblement*; their Humility of submitting these Sentiments to THE BEST OF SOVEREIGNS? Then the *signés de notre main*—what a miserable Translation of that Hardiness of Expression, superior to the formal Rules of Grammar, *We submitted in Writing, and signed by us!* But all the Men of Learning among the French are now studying our Language, and

But as the whole Council against us combin'd,
 On the fifth of this instant the Seals I resign'd,
 That I might not hereafter for measures be try'd,
 [9] Which I was not allow'd any longer to guide.
 Most gracious the Marks of the King's Approbation,
 [10] That follow'd, not went before my Resignation,

No

N O T E S.

and will hereafter be sensible of the untranslatable Beauties of this divine Epistle.

CRITICAL REVIEW.

AH! Poor Lord Temple! When, according to a facetious Friend of mine, he had opened the Sentence in so CAPITAL a Manner, he ought surely to have held his Dignity to the End of it. If I remember rightly, his Lordship too has resigned. Was there then no *secret* Merit in his Resignation, that might entitle Him to the *Honour* of a Pension, or was he introduced here, insignificantly as into the Cabinet, *tantum ut exiret*?

THE TEST.

[9] *Which I was no longer* &c. We have in this Passage an incontestable Proof of the Precipitation, with which this Letter was given to the Publick: a remainder, perhaps, of that Spirit, which hurried the Gentleman to resign. In the last Sentence, *a Difference of Opinion was the Cause of my resigning the Seals*; but here, *I resigned the Seals* — in Order, not to remain *responsible*, &c.

We do not mention these Mistakes in any Suspicion of the Right Honourable

Person's Veracity. He hath given the World a most convincing Proof of his Zeal for the *Honour of Truth*, by divulging those Secrets, which, he was engaged never to reveal, without his M——y's Permission.

IMPARTIAL.

[10] *Followed my Resignation*. How pitiable is it, to see a great Man in the Distress of endeavouring to vindicate his Reputation by nice and subtle Distinctions; or palliating an infamous *Bargain* with trivial Circumstances of to day, and to morrow!

HUMANITY.

What does this impertinent Critick mean by his *pitiable*; a Term, that implies more of Contempt, than Compassion? Is this the Tenderness to *human Frailty*, for which he assumes the Title of HUMANITY? But to whom is the Gentleman supposed to make these subtle, these palliating Distinctions? To whom is he responsible for having *graciously* and *gratefully* accepted these Honours and Pensions; the *spontaneous* marks of his M——ty's Bounty? Certainly not to the People. It were an Indignity

No Merit I boasted, no Pension I crav'd,
Yet with Pride, from the best of all Sovereigns, receiv'd.

For the Honour of Truth I these Matters explain,
Nor any Man's Confidence wish to regain,
Who with a Credulity, weak as unjust,
Can suspect one of basely betraying his Trust,
Who long serv'd his Country with Zeal and success,
[11] And rais'd her to glory from Shame and Distress;
Who justly the candid and upright reveres,
But the base and capricious nor values, nor fears.
I beg, my dear Sir, my best Thanks you'll receive
For all your [12] *kind Friendship*, and always believe,
That I am, &c. &c. &c.

N O T E S.

dignity to Virtue; a betraying her sacred Interests; for Horace hath long since determined, that Virtue

*Nec sumit, nec ponit secures
Arbitrio popularis auræ.*

With regard to his Pension, why should it be expected, that this Gentleman should make himself the single romantick Instance of being virtuous for nothing? *Quis enim virtutem amplectitur inquam, Præmia si tollas?* Did not Sir T——s R——n, and L^d H——and——&c. resign for their Pensions? Or look upon the List of Irish Patriots and Pensioners, then tell me, Critick, whether Pensions can be infamous.

CLASSICKS AND HISTORY.

The Gentleman hath lately given us another Distinction: that he did not resign, because he was not allowed to guide, but because he would not be responsible for Measures, which he was no longer allowed to guide. This Distinction, I confess, is too subtle for my Understanding.

SIMPLICITY.

[11] *And rais'd her to glory &c.* This Line, it is acknowledged, is not in the Original. It is given to the Gentleman's singular Modesty in speaking of Himself.

TRANSLATOR.

[12] *Kind Friendship.* How amiable are these acknowledgments in a great Man! In general, if Ingratitude be all the vices, *ingratum si dixeris*, then certainly
D Gratitude

N O T E S.

Gratitude is all the Virtues. But what Obligations, what proofs of this *kind Friendship* could our great Man have received from the Gentleman, to whom this Letter is supposed to have been written, except the following Specimen of his Genius for Panegyrick may be deemed an Obligation? It has not yet been given to the Publick, but whoever is the least acquainted with him, will acknowledge it to be genuine. Indeed his Manner, his Language, and his Elocution are all equally inimitable. It is only necessary to inform my Readers, that the Speech, from which this little Extract is taken, was pronounced upon the Motion, made by the Minister for erecting a Monument to the Memory of General Wolfe.

SIR,

“ I have listened to every Word, that
 “ *has fell* from my honourable Friend, and
 “ I *rise up* to second his motion. It were
 “ Presumption in me, or in any Man, to
 “ attempt to add any thing to what he has

“ said on this melancholy Occasion. But
 “ while I feel for the General, I also feel
 “ for the Minister, who called him forth
 “ to this Expedition. Here *was* no Par-
 “ liamentary Interests, no family Con-
 “ nexions, no aristocratical Views. No;
 “ nothing of *that there* Kind. Wolfe was
 “ made for the Statesman, and the States-
 “ man was made for Wolfe. There were
 “ many Circumstances similar between
 “ them. Wolfe had Gentleness and Mo-
 “ desty; so had the Minister. Wolfe lost
 “ his Life, and the Minister has hazarded
 “ his Head, for his Country. I had not
 “ the Honour of being acquainted with
 “ General Wolfe, but I never saw any
 “ Man look more like a Soldier. He
 “ was a Soldier, and a Soldier's Friend—
 “ I confess, Sir, I am much embarrassed,—
 “ and yet—I am not usually much em-
 “ barrased.”

Here the assembly, as sorry as they were,
 burst out a laughing.

END of the first LETTER.



The

The following Letter was generously communi-
cated to us by the Writer himself.

DEAR SIR,

[1] THE City of London must for ever forget,
Or always remember, They are much in Your Debt,

And

N O T E S.

[1] *The City of London.* What an Opening is here! The *vastloque immanis biatu* is nothing to it. How alarming! How full of Expectation! Criticks may tell us of the modest Opening befitting an Epick Poem, but if Aristotle were to rise from the Dead, and give us Rules for epistolary Writing, he would take from this Example, the pathetick, animating Spirit of beginning all future Letters. THE CITY OF LONDON! that is, the Capital of the World; the Mistress of Commerce; the Centre of Trade; whose Shopkeepers are Politicians; whose Aldermen are Instructors to their Representatives in Parliament, and whose Common-Council Men are—— it is impossible to say, what they are. What Ideas are these! What Images!

ALL THE COMMENTATORS
passim & universaliter.

What a Parcel of ignorant Blockheads are all the Commentators, past, present, and to come, with their *passim & universaliter*, which, for aught I know, may be better than our City Latin. Not to know, that the City of London are only fifteen Aldermen and ninety Common-Council-Men! Yet these Fellows call themselves Criticks, forsooth, and Commentators!

SIR JAMES HODGES.

What! My old Friend, Sir James, again got into Print, and presenting us *with the Key of Knowledge!* Yet his Knighthood might have remembered, that six thousand Persons in London vote for Members of Parliament, and that *his* City, who *send their* Instructions to those Members, are very little more than one poor, paltry hundred. What then? The Secretary acknowledges their Authority, and bows himself to their

And that [2] You accepted the Seals, when the Nation —
 [3] Sure never was Country in such Tribulation;
 That our Armies were beaten, our Navy was laid
 Inactive in Port, and expos'd was our Trade;

That

N O T E S.

their Title. In one unstopped Period of an hundred and eighty Words, brave Words, indeed! magnanimous and founding, he requests Sir James to *express his high Sense of the signal Honour* — then, *their condescending and favourable Resolution* — then once again, the *Honour, which he receives with true Reverence and Gratitude, not without Confusion at his own small Deservings* — Was there ever such a Farce?

THE TEST.

[2] You accepted the Seals. What Condescension! He suffered himself to be prevailed on to accept! As a further Proof of his Modesty, he informed the late King, when he *accepted* the Seals, that he had never turned his Thoughts to consider the Nature of that Office, or had ever read any Treatise upon the Subject. Yet, even then, he was determined not to accept of any other Employment.

ANECDOTE.

[3] *Never was Country reduced. &c.* The Writer here brings to our Remembrance the inglorious State of our Affairs, when the honourable Person accepted the Seals. He fills the Scene with every gloo-

my, melancholy Circumstance, that he may afterwards present us with a more cheerful Prospect of our Situation, when the Gentleman resigned. Thus an able Painter deepens and darkens the Ground of his Pictures, to give a greater Warmth to his Colouring, and a bolder Relief to his Figures.

TASTE.

These may, possibly, be Remarks of Taste, with regard to painting, but the Letter-Writer might well have been forgiven, if he had a little less wantonly indulged himself in the Pleasure of describing the Calamities of his Country. Who does not honour his Friend's Abilities, and acknowledge his good Fortune? Yet surely, it was by no means necessary to the Vindication of his Integrity or Wisdom in resigning, to set him in Opposition to the noble Duke, who had the Conduct of our Affairs at that Time of national Disgrace and Distress. Let it however be remembered, that our Patriot covered his Grace from the publick Resentment by a mock Inquiry, and then joined with him in Administration.

HISTORICAL REGISTER.

That our Credit was bankrupt with all Correspondents,
[4] Abroad was Contempt, and at home was Despondence.

The City must also remember for ever,
That when you resign'd, our Affairs were quite clever;
Our Armies triumphant, our Navies victorious,
And our Trade in a State, which it ne'er knew before us;
Our Credit restor'd, and the People more willing
To lend you a Million, than borrow a Shilling;
Our Foes in Despair at our high Exultation,
[5] And the Neutrals amaz'd in profound Veneration.

That

N O T E S.

[4] *Abroad was Contempt.* After this just and animated Description, I do declare, I verily believe, that my Brother, who alone raised the Nation from this Distress, is not only the greatest, but the only Man in the Kingdom: that in himself he is King, Lords, Commons, and Cabinet-council: that he is the Sailor's Intrepidity, the Soldier's Courage, and all the Money in the Treasury; that he was Wolfe's happy Temerity, Amherst's Conduct, and Prince Ferdinand's good Fortune, especially at the Battle of Minden: that he was Anson's Knowledge, Hawke's Resolution, and Keppel's Ardour: that he withdrew his Spirit from Lord George, and from that Moment his Lordship sunk into a C——d. All this, and more, I firmly believe.

LORD TEMPLE'S CREED.

Must we not conclude from his Lordship's Declaration of his political Faith, so

solemnly pronounced, that Mr. Secretary had, by the Power of his Office, created the thirty thousand Troops he sent to Germany, and coined his twenty annual Millions, for continental Armies, Subsidies and Expeditions. How could a Nation, *reduced to a State of Bankruptcy*, raise these Millions; how could *our beaten Armies* reassume the Courage of Britons? Impossible. One Miracle more we must acknowledge he has performed. He has made his noble Brother equally an Orator in the House, and a Politician in the Cabinet

CREDULITY.

The Stocks, the great Measure of publick Credit, were twenty per cent higher, when the honourable Person accepted the Seals, than when he resigned them.

MATTER OF FACT.

[5] *Amazement and Veneration among all neutral Nations.* Who could imagine,
E that

That the French were reduc'd to so low a Condition,
 As to sue for a Peace, and we heard their Petition;
 But they were too haughty, and we were too great,
 Our successes, too many, to know how to treat.

[6] But if Knaves have taught Fools to call your Resignation
 Betraying your Trust, and deserting your Station,
 (When you are prevented, alas! from pursuing
 The Measures, that still might preserve us from Ruin)
 If they in the Light of a Pension regard

[7] A Reward, that scarce merits the Name of Reward,

Yet

N O T E S.

that all these fine Words, *nothing but Exultation at home, Confusion and Despair among our Enemies*, could end in our being treated by those very Enemies, with Insolence and Contempt? The French, it seems, were reduced so low as to sue for a Peace, though their Haughtiness was too great, and our Successes too many, for any Terms to be agreed on. Who can explain this Jargon? Impossible. Such reasoning has something too absurd for Laughter, too perplexed to be explained. Whence is it, that two Gentlemen, who are such excellent Speakers, can be such lamentable Writers? Why did they not employ some of the critical Reviewers, why did they wholly rely upon their City Scribe, Sir James? Even the Monitor could have expressed something like a Meaning for them. But what shall be said of the Minister, whose Fidelity and Success have rendered his Coun-

try thus contemptibly glorious, and thus impotently successful?

COMMON SENSE.

[6] But if Knaves have taught Fools. The old Division of Mankind, in Matters of Religion, Politicks, Morals, Genius, Arts and Sciences. All, who are of our Opinion, are wise and honest; all, who are of a contrary Opinion, are Knaves and Fools.

UNIVERSAL.

[7] A Reward, that scarce merits &c. A foolish Figure, in the Language of Poulonius; a rhetorical Antithesis, for which both the honourable and right honourable Gentlemen are equally distinguished. Yet this Reward, that, so it seems to this Alderman's Generosity, scarce deserves the Name of Reward, may possibly cost the Nation an hundred thousand Pounds. A Nation

Yet the City of London, from one End to t'other,
Hope ne'er to be rank'd among one, or the other.

They are sensible, all for the Good of the Realm,
That You still are on Board, tho' you've quitted the Helm;
And will always be ready, [S] spite of Pensions and Peerage,
Over Rocks, and through Quickfands to manage the Steerage,
[9] The Crew to advise, and the Pilot to guide,
Till safe in her Port the good Vessel shall ride.

These,

N O T E S.

Nation, almost exhausted by the profusion
and Projects of this very Minister.

fidence to these Talkers, will never want
such Patriots.

CRITICISM AND HISTORY.

DAILY JOURNAL.

This Reward, I do assert, was as in-
considerable, with regard to his Fortune,
as it was unequal to his Merit. This pal-
try three thousand ~~a~~ Year was not sufficient
to maintain a set of Horses. They must
have cost him three hundred. He was
therefore forced to advertise, THE RIGHT
HONOURABLE MR PITT'S SETT OF HOR-
SES TO BE SOLD.

[S] *Pensioner as you are.* Says the Ori-
ginal; a Liberty of Expression, which
the Translator dares not venture. Yet,
however always vehement, and sometimes
eloquent against Pensioners, the right ho-
nourable Person was never, in his Heart,
an Enemy to Pensions. Witness a Letter,
still in Being, to a noble Duke, and dated
some five years ago, soliciting his Grace's
Interest with his late Majesty for a Pension.

THE MONITOR.

SECRET HISTORY.

What! our Patriot Minister, at last,
takes a Reward for serving his Country!
Surely, the very Name of Patriotism will
become a Term of Mockery and Ridicule.
Yet I remember, when the late Mr Pul-
tency, after being the Patriot of a twenty
year's Opposition, was buried in Infamy
and an Earldom, another Haranguer for
Liberty arose, and was believed. A People,
who can lightly give away their Con-

And Peerage. Why was this most
honourable Part of the Reward forgotten
by the Writer of this Letter? Yet with
regard to this Barony of Chatham, which
is to descend to his Posterity, what a noble
Disregard hath he shewn for the Pride and
Vanity of Titles, by giving them to his
Lady and Son? Gewgaws fit for Women
and Children; while he himself continues
a Com-

These, Sir, are the Sentiments, zealous and fervent,
[10] I believe of the City, I am sure of your Servant,
and most obedient, &c.

N O T E S.

a Commoner, and one of the People; while he holds his Seat among their Representatives.

TRANSLATOR.

[9] *To warn him and the Crew.* The Commons of Great Britain, by their Representatives in Parliament assembled, are the Crew, supposed to be on board this ancient Type of the Common-wealth. But what *Part* will our Minister *act* on board this imaginary Vessel? Will he, who has resigned his Employment from motives of Honour and Conscience; will he sit down in silent Approbation of publick Measures, or will he, with his own dictatorial Spirit, oppose in Parliament, what he disapproved in Council? Can Honour and Conscience; can Patriotism and the Arguments of Reason, lose their eternal Nature by the trivial Alterations of Place, or Employment? But, I fear, I am asking Questions, which his Passions, do not, at present, allow him, and which his Judgement never will be able, to answer.

ANONYMOUS.

[10] *I believe, of the City.* Let the Reader acknowledge and admire our Alderman's Integrity. Through the whole long Length of his Letter, he has posi-

tively affirmed, that these are the Sentiments of the City. But here upon better Recollection, he modestly confesses, that he only *believes*.

CANDID.

Difficult as it was and arduous, my Task is finished. Let me then congratulate my Readers and myself, that we shall part in the same good humour, with which we met. The right honourable Gentleman and his Citizen may perhaps bring us together again by generously obliging the Publick with their future Correspondance. Neither do I despair, of once more hearing our Patriot Commoner exerting his Eloquence against continental Measures, and once more declaring, " Not a man, not a single Guinea shall ever be sent to Germany." His Friends already assure us, that he holds himself uninfluenced by any Obligations, Honours or Pensions; and that whenever the Distress or Danger of his Country demands his Assistance, he will stand forth in her Defence. A motley Kind of Eloquence indeed, between the servile Compliances of a pensioned Courtier, and the patriot Spirit of a Tribune of the People.

THE TRANSLATOR.

END of the Second LETTER.

General

General REFLECTIONS upon these Letters.

NEITHER in the Petulance of attempting to be a Wit, nor for the *poor Reputation of being smart*, nor yet to vindicate, as may possibly be suspected, my Reason by my Risibility, did I assume the Tone and Air of Pleasantry. The right honourable Person has made his Appeal to the Publick, and every Individual of that Publick is authorised to deliver his Sentiments upon it, in his own Manner, according to the Measure of his Knowledge, his Abilities and Understanding. For my Part, I was determined to try the Gentleman's Conduct by every Kind of Proof, even by that of Ridicule. If he sinks under this Proof, which is generally allowed to be no mean Test of Truth, his Resignation is blameable ; and then it is of little Importance, by what Forms of Trial he stands condemned. If he can stand this Process, he will come forth from it, like Gold from the Furnace, brighter and purer, and certainly not injured in his Weight.

SOME Expressions in these Papers may possibly be taxed with too much Levity, and others charged with too much Severity ; yet when, in the first of these Letters, whoever *withdraws his good Opinion* from the right honourable Person is represented as *capricious* and *ungenerous*, and rated for a *Credulity*, *weak* as *injurious* (I presume the Gentleman means unjust) when, in the second Letter, all, who differ from the Writer's Sentiments, are frankly called Fools and Knaves, surely such Coarseness of Expression will justify all Kinds of Language in return.

I do not make any over-earnest Professions of my own Impartiality. I do not think myself exempted from that common Lot of all human

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Understandings, the being placed between Reason and Passion ; between Prejudice and Impartiality. I greatly fear, that our Friends are not always impartial ; I truly believe, that our Enemies are not always malignant.

I CONFESS, I did not imagine this extraordinary Resignation was an Object of such present Importance, or probably productive of such future Consequences, either good or evil, as to require any mighty Solemnity in the Manner of treating it ; and perhaps the following Reflexions may convince my Readers, it was not for want of many a serious Argument, that I have chosen those of Raillery and Ridicule. But here let me be permitted to lay before the Publick some Circumstances concerning it, of which they have not yet been informed, and upon which they may with absolute Certainty rely.

WHEN the right honourable Gentleman entered into Ministry, he found every thing yielding to his Ambition. The late King, whose Love for his native Country may justly be numbered among his Virtues, must have certainly been highly satisfied with a Minister, who so largely gratified his favourite Passion : who poured forth the Blood and Treasures of Great Britain into Hanover, with a Profusion, which no other Minister durst have ventured, or must have ventured at the Hazard of his Head. Such were the effects of that Influence, which he had gained over the People, by repeated Professions of his Zeal for their Service ; as if their Interests were not united with those of the other great Members of the State, or as if they could, even in Idea, be separated from those of the Sovereign. His Majesty's Servants in council silently acquiesced nor would I willingly impute it to
 them

them as a Crime) in this continental Prodigality. Every part of Administration concurred in a Compliance with his Directions ; I am ashamed to say, in an implicate Obedience to his Commands. Fleets were equipped ; Regiments were raised, Expeditions appointed, and the Treasury gave forth its Millions to his Order.

THUS did he exercise a Kind of Despotism, unknown to the Constitution, and destructive of every Idea of Liberty, until he was opposed, for the first Time even by his own Account opposed, in a Measure too precipitate, too important and too unjust, to be complied with either by his Majesty, or his Servants. He proposed an immediate Declaration of War against Spain, at a Time, when she was giving us every Assurance of her Inclination to preserve the Peace and Amity, subsisting between the two Nations, and which it is their mutual Interest to preserve.

It is hardly conceivable, that he could either desire, or expect to succeed in such an extravagant Proposal. What ! to declare War, and commence Hostilities against a friendly Nation, without asking a Satisfaction for any supposed Insults, a Redress of Injuries, or even an Explanation of Grievances ! The Laws of Nature and Nations ; the Obligations of Treaties ; the common Sense of Equity and Reason equally disclaim a Proceeding, as unjust, as precipitate.

BUT what have the Spaniards *already done* to provoke the Gentleman's Indignation, and justify his Resentment ? He neither urged any particular Instance of their Partiality to the French ; nor any new Violations of our long-contested Rights to cutting Logwood, nor even their Injustice with regard to the Antigallican and her Prize, which, besides some other Indignities, he temperately endured through the
whole

whole Course of his administration. But, so it seems, the Fulness of Time for his resigning was not yet arrived; he was not yet tired of *guiding* and governing. But when he had taken a nearer View of the Port, to which the Vessel was driving with all the Sails he had crowded upon her; when he saw the Rocks and Shallows and Breakers, that threatened his Entrance into the Harbour; when he saw the Coast covered with the ship-wrecked Reputations of former Ministers, he prudently quitted the Helm, and retired, a simple Passenger, to his Cabin.

BUT really what had Spain *already done*? She had written to France to desire her good Offices with Great Britain; that when her Minister was forming the general Articles of Peace, he might likewise pay some Attention to certain Matters of mutual Complaint between us and the Spaniards, which might possibly occasion some future Rupture between the two Kingdoms, and disturb the Tranquility of Europe. What is there either so injurious, or offensive in this Proceeding, that could have justified the Nation in declaring War, or could particularly justify the Minister, who had borne, with rather a too passive Spirit, some real Indignities from the Spaniards; some real Injustice.

MR. BUSSY probably exceeded his Commission, or executed it with Insolence; or if this Letter could reasonably give Umbrage to us, why not call for an Explanation of it? Why not demand a Copy of it, and if denied — “No: the Spaniards will certainly declare War against us. Let us prevent them.” When it was urged that they would think twice before they declared War against this Kingdom: “I will not give them Leave to think,” was the spirited Answer of our Minister. “This is the Time; let us crush the whole

“ whole House of Bourbon. But, if the Members of this Board
 “ are of another Opinion, this is the last Time I shall ever mix in
 “ its Counsels. I was called into Ministry by the Voice of the Peo-
 “ ple, and to them I hold myself answerable for my Conduct. I
 “ am to thank the Ministers of the *late* King for their Support.
 “ I have served my Country with Success, but I will not be res-
 “ ponsible for the Conduct of the War any longer, than while I
 “ have the Direction of it.” This last Declaration was by no means
 equivocal. It was a frank and open Demand of an unlimited Au-
 thority, and unconditional Obedience.

THE noble Lord, who presided in this Council; to whom Years
 have added the Wisdom of Experience without abating the Vigour
 and Fire of Youth; whose natural and acquired Abilities are un-
 questionably as great, as ever this Gentleman could boast; who was
 himself as bold a Minister, as ever directed the Affairs of this Na-
 tion, made him this temperate Reply. “ I find the Gentleman is
 “ determined to leave us, nor can I say, I am sorry for it; since he
 “ would otherwise have certainly compelled us to leave *Him*. But
 “ if he be resolved to assume the Right of advising his Majesty,
 “ and directing the Operations of the War, to what Purpose are we
 “ called to this Council? When he talks of Being responsible to the
 “ People, he talks the Language of the House of Commons, and
 “ forgets, that at this Board, he is only responsible to the King.
 “ However, though he may possibly have convinced himself of his
 “ Infallibility, still it remains, that we should be equally convinced,
 “ before we can resign our Understandings to his Direction, or join
 “ with him in the Measure he proposes.”

HE bore the Rebukings of this Answer without making any Reply, but he had gone too far, though perhaps not without repenting, to retreat. He therefore resigned the Seals, which were received with an Ease and Firmness, that he probably very little expected. The King, with his usual Goodness, expressed his Concern for the Loss of so able a Servant, and to shew the favourable Sense he entertained of his Services, was graciously pleased to make him an Offer of any Rewards in the Power of the Crown to bestow. His Majesty then added, with regard to the Measure proposed, that He would certainly have found Himself under the greatest Difficulty, how to have acted, even though the whole Council had concurred in supporting it. A Sentiment of infinite Honour to Him, who uttered it, not only as it asserts a royal Prerogative, which for the Good of his People He should ever preserve, but as it vindicates those nobler Prerogatives of his Reason, his Understanding and his Conscience. But these Prerogatives, in all Probability, the right honourable Gentleman never thought of. However, this Condescension, with which he was treated, affected him strongly. “I confess, Sir, I had but too much Reason to expect your Majesty’s Displeasure. I did not come prepared for this exceeding Goodness. Pardon me Sir, — it over-powers; it oppresses me.” He burst into Tears.

HIS Lady’s Title, and his own Pension, were settled next Day between Lord Bute and Him; when certainly the Title, and probably the Sum of the Pension, was of his own *free* Choice. His Friends at first, warmly disclaimed the Insinuation of his taking a Pension. They called it a base and momentary Artifice to blast his Reputation. They disdained his receiving any Honours from a Master, whom he no longer thought proper to serve. “What Title,” thus
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they exclaimed, “ can be half so honourable, as being styled the
 “ Patriot Minister ; the Minister of the People ? What Honour can
 “ descend to his Posterity, equal to the historical Truth, that he
 “ has saved his Country from Ruin and Reproach ; that he has
 “ raised her to Glory and Happiness ? ” But since it is no longer an
 Insinuation, that he has received his Pension ; since his accepting a
 Title for his Lady can be no longer an *Artifice of his Enemies*, his
 Friends endeavour to defend his *blest* Reputation.

THE best attempt for this Purpose, yet offered to the publick,
 is in a Pamphlet, entitled, *The Conduct of a right honourable Gentleman, justified by Facts, and upon the Principles of the British Constitution*. It is written with Temper, and has a Degree of Knowledge, though certainly not that of the British Constitution, rarely found among us Pamphleteers. His first Proposition is, *that Mr. Pitt could not, consistently with his own Safety, continue in the high Post he held, after being forced to deviate from the great Lines of conduct he had chalked out when he first entered upon it*. In page 41, he tells us, *thus, I think, I have fully demonstrated my first Proposition*. As he has not thought proper to inform us what these *great Lines of Conduct* are (perhaps not much straighter than Hogarth’s Line of Beauty) from whence the right honourable Person *was forced to deviate* ; nor told us, why, or by whom he was thus forced, we cannot be quite convinced, that he has demonstrated his first Proposition. But how demonstrated ? By a tedious Detail of Injuries, committed against us by Spain : a Detail of uncertain, unauthenticated Facts. Let me not seem to suspect the Writer’s own Belief of these Facts, but granting them true ; granting, that Mr. Pitt was convinced of their Truth, yet it never can be demonstrated either from their Truth, or
 his

his Conviction, that his Resignation was necessary to his Safety. The Rectitude or Errour of his Conduct in this Instance arises from the Reason, which he himself hath given for it, that he was *no longer allowed to guide*.

THE great Chillingworth repeatedly cries out, the Bible, the Bible is the Religion of Protestants. Thus would I repeat, the Law, the Law is the British Constitution. Where therefore is the Law, by which Mr. Pitt's Safety could have been affected, if he had continued in Office, after the Measure he proposed of declaring War against Spain was rejected? "But evil Counsellors are liable by the Law to punishment." True; and may they ever be liable. Yet the Minister, who does not give any Counsel; who enters his Protest against the Counsel, given by others, shall he be liable to Punishment, as an evil Counsellor? If for the sake of preserving that Unanimity, [so necessary at this dangerous Crisis of our Affairs; if in a modest Diffidence of his own Judgment, or a less outrageous Contempt for that of others, Mr. Pitt had silently complied with the united Opinions of His Majesty, and all the Members of the Cabinet, could such Compliance ever be imputed to him as a Crime; could it endanger his Safety? If there be any Law, that declares the Guilt of such Compliance, or threatens his Safety for it, let it be produced; or let it never be urged hereafter, even by his Fears, whether they be real or affected.

OUR Writer, so learned in the *Principles and Maxims of the British Constitution*, is candid enough to acknowledge, Pag. 51. *that neither the Constitution, nor Laws of this Country define the post or power of a Minister of State, or even suppose, that any such can exist.* True indeed.

indeed. The Constitution disclaims, abhors and dreads even the Idea of such a Minister. Yet, strange proof how a bad cause can pervert a good Understanding! The very Gentleman, who makes this candid Concession, founds Mr. Pitt's Defence upon his being not only a Minister, but *a first, a directing* Minister: Terms, as new as unknown to the Constitution as that of *guiding*, and as heartily to be detested.

It is the peculiar Excellence of this Constitution, that the Powers of Government are divided among the three Estates of which it is composed. Should any one of these Estates become possessed of more than its proper share of Power, the Constitution, with all its Blessings of Religion, Liberty, and Property, is instantly dissolved. The King becomes a Tyrant, the House of Lords an Aristocracy, and the People a Democracy. Shall one Man therefore, a simple Citizen, dare to assume to himself all the different Powers of Government? Shall he presume to make War and Peace? Shall he raise Armies, fit out Fleets, plan Expeditions, and lavish away the publick Treasure, under this new-invented Title, *a guiding* Minister? The very Claim of such a Power is an insolent Outrage to the Laws, the Constitution, the Liberty of our Country, and this Right Honourable Person is the first, that ever made this outrageous Claim. If any one Man were capable of executing such a Power, yet never should it be intrusted, (I speak with all possible Reverence and Respect,) no, not for a Moment to any one Man, even to THE BEST OF SOVEREIGNS.

If among the great Lines of this Gentleman's Conduct, he determined never to join in any Measure, which he was not *allowed to guide*; or, in somewhat modest Language, if he resolved to resign,

whenever he was unable to convince the other Members of the Council, of the Wisdom, the Justice, or Utility of the Measures he proposed, permit me to ask, what must be the Consequence, if every other Member, (and his equal Right, I presume, will not be denied) should take the same Resolution? In vain will his Majesty call together a Number of his Servants for their Advice in Matters of Doubt and Importance, if each of them in his Turn, may withdraw himself from his Duty to his Country, for I presume such a Duty will be acknowledged, whenever his Opinion is contradicted.

BUT it seems the right honourable Person is not disabled by his Resignation, *from offering his opinion to his Majesty, his Parliament and his Council with as much Freedom, and with more weight, than he could have had, had he retained the Seals of his Office.* In what manner he will exert his Abilities, or shew forth his Zeal for his Country, and his inviolable Attachment to the Interests of the People, he probably has not yet determined. Perhaps, he will endeavour to convince the House of Commons, that he is endowed with some peculiar Spirit, some certain superior Instinct, fitted for planning and executing all the great Measures of Government. But I truly hold it of little Importance to the State of the Nation, whether he sits in the silence of his Pension, or rises, in the Spleen of disappointed Ambition, a futile Declaimer against the Measures of Government.

F I N I S.



